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The Washington Post.

Weather—Fair today; tomorrow increasing cloudiness, probably showers in afternoon or night, little temperature change. Temperature yesterday—Highest, 72; lowest, 47.

NO. 17,643. DAILY AND SUNDAY ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER POSTOFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C. WASHINGTON: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1924.—NINETY-TWO PAGES

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FIVE CENTS.

37,000 SEE GIANTS WIN THE OPENING GAME FROM NATIONALS IN TWELVE INNINGS, 4-3

PEACE WITH HONOR LESSON IMPARTED IN SHAFT TO 5,000

President Praises First Division at Memorial Dedication.

SYMBOL OF TRAGEDY AND STERN WARNING

More Than 6,000 Veterans Attend Consecration to Departed Buddies.

Peace—the supreme blessing of peace with honor—this is the final lesson imparted by the First division memorial, President Coolidge declared yesterday in dedicating that shaft to the memory of more than 5,000 members of the First division who were killed in action.

More than 6,000 veterans of the First division aided in consecrating the massive shaft surmounted by a figure of Winged Victory erected on State place, just south of the State, War and Navy building.

Troops and veterans of the famous "First" opened the services with a military parade from Peace monument along Pennsylvania avenue, and south of the White House, and then passed in review before Secretary of War Weeks, Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Bullard and Brig. Gen. James A. Drain, national commander of the American Legion.

"This monument," President Coolidge reminded the veterans and the Gold Star mothers who were present, "commemorates no man who won anything by the war. It ministers no aspirations to place or power. But it challenges attention to the cost, suffering and sacrifice that may be demanded of any generation, so long as nations permit a resort to war to settle their disputes. It is a symbol of awful tragedy, of unending sorrow and of stern warning. Relieved of all attendant considerations, the final lesson which it imparts is the blessing of peace, the supreme blessing of peace with honor."

President Praises Division.

President Coolidge recalled the stirring record of the First division and praised the men for their devotion and high morale.

"In this presence," he said, "I am well aware there is no need to urge any support of the American Constitution, but I cannot let this occasion pass without expressing my strong and emphatic commendation for the reverence which your words and actions constantly express for the liberty-giving provisions of the fundamental law of our land. You have supported the Constitution and the flag which is its symbol, not only because it represents to you the homeland, but because you know it to be the sole source of American freedom."

After praising the Dawes plan, Mr. Coolidge said, "We shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done what we could to dispel the hatreds of war, restore the destruction it has wrought, and lay a firmer foundation for industrial prosperity and a more secure peace. To promote these ends, preserving complete jurisdiction over its own internal affairs and complete independence to direct its own actions, America should always stand ready. I have already indicated many times my wish for an international court and further disarmament."

Thousands View Parade.

Thousands of Washingtonians and admiring visitors lined Pennsylvania avenue early yesterday to view the inspiring parade. Following the detail of police led by Maj. Daniel Sullivan, superintendent of police, came the grand marshal, Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, and his staff.

Maj. Gen. Frank Parker, commanding general of the First division, and his staff came next, followed by the massed bands of the First division. The composite regiment of the First division, composed of the Sixteenth and Eighteenth infantries, which sailed to this city from New York to participate, came next.

The Army band, known as Pershing's Own, dressed in their newly

CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.

COOLIDGE NOT CHAOS, IN CROWD AT GAME, SAYS GEORGE HARVEY

President Typified the Orderly Throng, Editor Declares.

RESPECT, COURTESY AND GENIALITY THERE

Game Was "Glorious Symphony" in American National Sport.

By GEORGE HARVEY.

There was never a game of baseball like that of yesterday. We mean that, really. Consider: Here was what they call, not wholly to our liking, a "team" that had fought its way from the very bottom to the very top in its own association by the exercise of skill developed through intelligence and application. And, as the inevitable, but, of course, quite pleasurable consequence, they were required to meet in friendly combat the most powerful aggregation of athletes, better trained in a specific pursuit than the world, from Sparta through Rome to the continent of Europe, probably has ever known.

Now, that was no trifling circumstance. It was intensely real, not only to those who were actively engaged but to others of us who looked on, without expert knowledge, but, nevertheless, with a certain instinctive understanding.

To our mind the most impressive phase of the event was its seriousness. We had been led to expect beating of tom-toms, tremendous sounds of encouragement for some, tones of scorn or derision for others and the like, which are reputed abroad to represent the customs of our presumably barbaric land.

Air of Expectancy.

Well, there was nothing of the kind. Never but once before have we felt so strongly the effect of hush and expectancy from a vast multitude. That time was about three years ago—and the place was England. There seemed to be a great many people on the Griffith playground yesterday. The papers reported 37,000. The occasion to which we refer brought together on a similar Saturday afternoon more than 200,000 and, at a stage in the proceedings, in consequence of an oversale of tickets, a vast number broke down all barriers, swarmed over the fields, crushed one another right and left and seemed not only likely but certain to precipitate a riot of incalculable proportions, when suddenly a bugle sounded.

Instantly all stood at attention and turned their faces to the central box of the great stand. There stood a sturdy, steady-looking man about the size of President Coolidge.

"The King!"

That is all that was said, all that was required. The thousands upon thousands who a moment before had been engaged in raging tumult stood, subdued and quiet under the irresistible influence of Anglo-Saxon respect for law and order, and nothing happened.

Crowd Was Genial.

Why this somewhat striking episode yesterday to mind at Griffith's field we can not say. There was nothing analogous that we can perceive, barring, perhaps, this, that nowhere in the world outside of England or America could so great a crowd as that of yesterday have been assembled and dispersed so pleasantly and so genially without authoritative and offensive direction.

One subtle relationship perhaps, upon reflection, there was in this: There was no doubt of it; it was all Coolidge. Respect, courtesy, friendliness—those were the feelings clearly manifested for the quiet, smiling, sympathetic gentleman from New England who had taken one of very few half holidays for complete diversion. We are not quite sure whether he was accompanied by Messrs. Butler, Slemp and Stearns; we could not see very clearly over the heads of cabinet officials; but we hope not; he was entitled to a maximum of relaxation and to a maximum of peanuts fresh from Virginia.

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If You Have Found An Article and want to return it to the owner, you can advertise it free of charge in the Found Column on the Classified Pages of The Washington Post.

FIRST BALL IN WORLD SERIES THROWN BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

Hugh Miller, Post Staff Photographer.

President Coolidge just as he wound up to throw the first ball in yesterday's game. On his right is Mrs. Coolidge. Speaker and Mrs. Frederick H. Gillett are on his left, and behind them is Frank Stearns and Mrs. Stearns. Standing in baseball togs is Bucky Harris, and on his left is Clark Griffith. Bascom Slemp is behind Griffith.

Stadium at Catholic U. Dedicated With Program Of Colorful Features

Exercises Vary in Nature and Interest, Holding Attention of Audience of 8,000 Persons—Offered to City as "An Organ of Its Social Life"—Football Game Opens Athletic Field.

Catholic university dedicated its great new stadium yesterday afternoon and in the words of the Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, its rector, offered it to the City of Washington as "an organ of its social life."

Exercises kaleidescopic in color, varied in nature and intense in interest marked the entire program. The football game between Catholic university and the Quantico marines was, of course, the feature. But graphic radio accounts of the world series baseball game play by play, marching marines, clowning cheer leaders, colorful cheering and manoeuvering airplanes demanded attention from the audience of some 8,000 persons.

The dedicatory exercises began shortly after 2 o'clock, with a procession from Caldwell Hall, where a reception had been held, to the stadium. Secretary of Navy Curtis N. Wilbur, who personally represented President Coolidge, walked at the head of the line in the company of Vincent L. Toomey, chairman of the committee and president of the university alumni, the Right Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of Catholic university, Maj. Gen. John A. Lejune, commandant of marines, and Cuno H. Rudolph, chairman of the board of District commissioners.

Following them were the Most Rev. M. J. Curley, archbishop of Baltimore and chancellor of the

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Loan Plans Approved By Reichsbank Heads

Berlin, Oct. 4.—A general meeting of the Reichsbank directors with President Schacht presiding, unanimously approved the reichstag's new bank loan and other provisions made to increase the institution's capital needed in connection with the execution of the Dawes plan.

Dr. Schacht announced that the London negotiations regarding the proposed £40,000,000 German loan have so far progressed that the conclusion of the loan agreement is expected by the middle of next week. The only differences that had arisen, he said, were of a technical character.

Many Families Perish In Honduras Floods

Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Oct. 4.—Eight hundred persons are homeless and a great part of the town of Ocotepeque is under water through the overflowing of the river Marchala. In several instances entire families perished in the flood.

Ocotepeque is in the western part of Honduras, near the Guatemalan frontier.

Unemployment Dole Asked for Wilhelm

Berlin, Oct. 4.—Members of the Hohenzollern family living in Prussia will receive unemployment doles like any worker out of a job, instead of drawing big monthly allowances, if a bill introduced in the Prussian diet by the communists passes.

The bill further provides that all Hohenzollern property be confiscated and the castles and villas converted into kindergartens or homes for disabled soldiers. All allowances for the Hohenzollerns living away from Prussia would cease.

McCormack Warned London Will Hiss Him

(Special Cable Dispatch.)

London, Oct. 4.—John McCormack, who is giving a concert in Queen's hall tomorrow night, is warned in two anonymous letters that he will be booed and hissed. The letters call him a scoundrel, a deserter, and other epithets. Mr. McCormack is Irish, formerly a British subject, and was naturalized an American. This is said to be the reason for his unpopularity among the British, which in 1915 forced him to abandon a concert tour of Australia.

Johnson Deserved to Win, Harris Says; Washington Certain of Final Victory

Nationals' Manager Insists Two Home Runs in Season Game Would Have Been Easy Outs—Ruel's Speed in Trapping Men Off Bases and Rice's Throw Praised.

By STANLEY HARRIS.
Manager and Second Baseman of the Washington Team, American League Champions of 1924.

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ARTICLE IV.

As they used to say in the old days, a little disabled, but still in the ring. While suffering a setback on their first appearance in a world's series, the sentiments of the Griffmen are these: It's all in the game. Tomorrow is another day. Every baseball game is just that—a game. If we lose today, we win tomorrow—to make up for the loss.

To be frank, it's rather hard to take defeat, but when a team goes down fighting to the last ditch, as ours did today, it sort of takes the curse off everything. Whatever else may be said, we died game. And this gives the Griffmen confidence. The series has only started; is not over by a long shot.

Two world's series runs were our undoing. Under ordinary conditions, and in the regular season, Goslin would have got either of the two home runs that were registered off Walter Johnson before we even got going. The stands, to accommodate the world series crowd, had been built some 15 or 20 yards into the playing field. So Goose was unable to capture what to him, would have been merely ordinary outfield flies. However, it was a 50-50 proposition, and the Griffmen might have buried hits in the same stands. Again, the breaks of the game.

Homers Ordinarily Easy Outs.

These world's series home runs, while so scored and counted against us, in the regular playing season would have been counted as easy outs. The speed of Walter Johnson, of course, had something to do with both these runs, for, whenever a batter connects with a fast one—zowie! And Walter, today, had the speed of his youth.

Ordinarily, the game pitched by Johnson should have been won. He was never in better form; but the breaks seemed against him from the first. Just to show what he had, the records give an even dozen strike-outs. That comes near being a record for a world's series game.

The great turning point in the game was the loss of a ball by McNeely in the last inning. If McNeely could have pulled himself together, after Neht's hit, and made a good return to second base with slow Hank Gowdy making for that station, it would have been a sure force-out. As it was, McNeely let the sun dazzle him, shot the ball over toward the stands, and allowed both runners to advance—which put us into a bad position. After getting rid of Frisch, one dangerous man, up came Ross Young the one batter that Johnson had made look bad all day. Up to this time, Young had been swinging and trusting to luck. Yet he got a punk Texas leaguer. And that about settled our hash.

Now Have Giants' Measure.

Another angle is this: The game, going into extra innings, and rather slow in being played, caused darkness to overtake the sun and made the judging of a ball in center field rather difficult. The same sort of ball that Young hit, had it been driven by a Washington player, might have had the same effect on New York's center fielder.

Whatever the outcome of the game, we know now where we stand. The Griffmen have taken the Giants' measure, even if they took ours today. We know just how worthy a foe they are, where their weaknesses lie and where is their strength. With an even break we are not afraid of the outcome.

"Muddy" Ruel, in catching, going up against the celebrated "Hank" Gowdy, covered himself with glory. Ruel showed great headwork in trapping Young off third, breaking up a double steal, with Terry on first. That was perfect judgment. Catching Frisch off second, in the third inning, was also a perfect play by Ruel, with a lightning-like peg to Peck. Having

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CIRCUIT DRIVES BY KELLY AND TERRY INTO TEMPORARY LEFT-FIELD STANDS GIVE NEW YORK HARD-FOUGHT CONTEST

Griffmen Rush From Behind to Tie Score in Ninth and Come Within Inch of Evening Score in Last Inning.

WALTER JOHNSON STRIKES OUT 12 IN PITCHING DUEL WITH ARTHUR NEHF

President Coolidge and Other Notables Join Frenzied Throng in Cheering Washington's Rallies Against Onslaughts of Veterans in Three-Hour Struggle.

By N. W. BAXTER,
Sports Editor, The Post.

The hopes of the Washington team for victory in the opening game of the 1924 world's series were lost yesterday afternoon in the morass of humanity that formed in the fifteen rows of temporary seats erected in front of the left field pavilion, better to accommodate the thousands that sought to witness this year's renewal of the baseball classic.

The New York Giants, representatives of the National league, and these fifteen rows of seats scored 4 runs and Washington, American league entry, 3, but only after twelve innings of baseball that brought everyone of the 37,000 spectators, including the President of the United States and most of his official family, to their feet time after time.

With the game went the roseate dream, which half the nation had shared with Walter Johnson, that "The Old Master" would reach the apogee of his diamond career on the day's battlefield.

Johnson was not the invincible pitcher that he has so often been during the time that he faced the opposition in his first world series test. His work was streaky, flashed at times with the lean of perfect mastery and at others with the fat of opportunity for the enemy.

Stands Usurped Playing Field.

Granting that his work was not perfection, Johnson would have scored the triumph that he sought had the playing field been its normal size. Two Giant runs, from the bats of "Long George" Kelly and "Bill" Terry, looped their way into about the fifth row of the seats that usurped the usual area of the diamond. The world's series knows no ground rules. Each ball, as it followed its long deliberate trajectory, spelt a run and these two runs the margin of victory for the players of John McGraw.

A two-run lead from the lap of the gods handed to the opposition might have discouraged many pitchers. It failed to de this to Johnson. It might have removed the heart from many teams. It did not from Washington. Bucky Harris and his gallant band tied the score once in the ninth to add three stanzas to the verse and in the twelfth other drawn innings seemed in sight when the final out prevented Harris' step upon home plate from counting as a run.

There were incidents in this final inning that might also be termed one of the "breaks" that shattered Washington's hope of victory. Rice chose to gamble for an extra base when Southworth momentarily juggled his hit to center which sent Harris to third. He gambled and lost, for he was thrown out at second.

Harris did not join in the gamble. He stayed on third when the play was made for Rice at second. It both had rolled the dice or neither, there were many last night who believed either that the outcome of the game might have been reversed or its life prolonged.

The game was unlike those of the past three years in many respects, but most of all because yesterday's contest was fought before an audience such as the history of the game has never seen before. It was a home town crowd, another characteristic that made it differ from the bi-partisan series of New York, and the neighborly spirit that prevailed was shared by all the thousands who sat about the field of play.

President Coolidge rose with his constituents the better to observe the Washington rallies of the ninth and twelfth innings. He betrayed his nervousness, as the Giants threatened and then drove home the final blow, by gripping the rail before him. The men and women in the boxes, grandstands, pavilions and bleachers were his prototypes in their ambition and anxiety.

Largest Sport Crowd Ever Here.

It was the largest audience that ever assembled in the National Capital for a sport event, and because of the overflowing demand for a chance to be among those present it could not be limited to the park itself. The fences about the field and the roofs of houses without its limits were festooned and garlanded with onlookers who sought as anxiously to turn the hand of fate as those within.

As the game goes into the records—and history will not concern herself with the ifs and ands of those two home runs—it will be said that New York played the better ball. The Giants displayed the greater punch. Commiseration for Walter Johnson can not cloak the fact that Arthur Nehf, participating in his fourth world's series, pitched a wonderful game—the best game—nor can justification be found for the contention that the Nationals' defense was a bit more stubborn than the way in which the visitors fought back any effort to find the breach.

And yet there were those fifteen rows of seats. Without them the Giant outlasses might well have been dulled. Neither of the balls that Kelly and Terry lofted out of Goslin's reach need have been home runs with conditions at the park as they have been throughout the scheduled playing season. They might have been outs. They might have been doubles or even triples, but they would not have been runs, a distinction with a decided difference in a game won by the margin of a single point.

"This is going to be a game with nothing to write about but two home runs," said one of the baseball correspondents as the last half of the final inning opened. "Both pitchers have worked well, there have been no errors, no substitutions."

And that was more or less the game up to that point. The two Giant home runs and one score worried across by Washington in the sixth, when McNeely doubled, Harris sacrificed him along and Rice brought him home by similar tactics.

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WASHINGTON LOST BY 5 INCHES, NOT BY 3 TO 4, NEW ARGUES

Postmaster General Gives Analysis of Baseball Game Opening Series.

GIVES CREDIT TO NEHF, BOY FROM THE WABASH

His Pitching Great Factor in Giants' Victory, He Declares.

By HARRY NEW,
Postmaster General of the United States.

The official scorer said that Washington and Walter Johnson lost the game by 4 to 3.

If my old reportorial instinct and eye for distance synchronize properly, I would say they lost it by 5 inches, for if the smashing drive that Walter hit over Frisch's head in the seventh inning had been that much higher it would have been beyond the fielder's reach, at least 1 run would have scored and the game been ended in 9 innings, 2 to 2 in Washington's favor. As it was, Frisch went into the air for the ball and landed with it in his hands, making one of the most hair raising of the many conspicuously sharp plays with which the game abounded. It was a hard game for Walter to lose.

To strike out 12 men, and such men as those hard-hitting Giants, and to keep his hits scattered as the Big Train did is good enough to win most games.

But, at that, Nehf outpitched him. As a rooter for Washington the chief consolation I got out of the home club's defeat was that a fellow Hoosier did the trick; for, forget not—nay, forget not—but let it be here written down, that Art Nehf comes from "Terry Hut," "on the banks of the Wabash." Why didn't the band play that instead of "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," for the home team lost and there was no hot time possible.

But it was a great game, worthy of the big leagues and of the best tradition. Yes, it's the same old game it was back in the days when Ban Johnson and I were writing sports for the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Indianapolis Journal, respectively, when Ban chronicled the accomplishments of Bid McPhee and Hick Carpenter and this Cincinnati compatriots and I put upon the printed page the doings of the wily Nolan, Silver Flint, Billy Sunday, big Ed Williamson and the others of their day. True, the rules have been changed, and as I recall the picture of Jack Glasscock scooping up a handful of sand and grit and throwing it into the eyes of Mike Kelly as that first $10,000 beauty rounded second base so blinding him that he had to be led the rest of the way around, I am forced to admit that the element of the game has changed some, too, but it's still the best outdoor game that is played, and today's contest was one of the best that I have seen for years.

"One-Eyed" Connolly A Crashless Vendor

"One-eyed" Connolly worked a new role to get in today. The presence of 10 or 11 stern officers of the law at every gate scared the champion gate-crasher to such an extent that he got a job selling programs and welded his way through the turnstiles by this means.

Shifters Help Other Idlers to See Game

Apparently every employe of the park could get a couple of friends inside as helpers so they could see the game did it. It took four men to fasten down the bag at second base. One man did all the work. One shuffling boy carried a broom for him, another a pair of gloves which were never used and the third came along to help the latter two.

Radio Broadcasts Game to Golfers

Three radio horns at the Rock Creek park public golf course, yesterday kept the players informed on the progress of the baseball game and will also be in use today.

THRILLING PLAYS IN THE FIRST GAME OF THE SERIES

Hugh Miller, Post Staff Photographer.

Top left—Frisch, Giant captain, attempting the bunt in the first inning, which was turned into a pop fly to Bluege.

Lower left—McNeely reaching third in round six on Harris' infield out.

Top right—Ruel forced out at the keystone sack as the first victim of the double play registered by the Giants in the third.

Lower right—Goslin caught trying to reach second in the sixth when the hit-and-run with Judge up failed.

Circle—Kelly completing the circuit after his drive into the leftfield bleachers in the second for the first homer of the series.

Bottom—Frisch sliding safely into second following his double in the third.

THOUSANDS ARE TURNED AWAY AT SEAT SALES

1,600 of 8,000 Fans in Line Gain Admission to Ball Park.

By SHIRLEY L. POVICH.

Besieging the gates of the ball park after an all-night encampment, some 1,600 of the 8,000 fans clamoring for bleacher seats yesterday gained admittance while 2,500 standing space seekers were rewarded for their vigil, and 5,000 others turned away as a sell out was declared.

The long lines of the night were increased as dawn drew near. Shivering in the cool night air, the ticket seekers were further discomforted by the early morning fog which dampened them to the skin. By 7 o'clock a quadrangular line embracing eight blocks was being kept in order by police and firemen and by 8 when the gates were flung open the end was not yet in sight.

Every bleacher seat was filled in an hour's time, and the fans prepared to spend four tedious hours waiting for the game to start. Those still outside the enclosure failed to grasp the meaning of the situation when the gates were closed, and did not disperse for hours. A 12-year-old boy was the first victim of the shutdown, and it was with hung head that he finally moved away.

Ticket scalpers were supplanted by space occupiers who sold their positions in the line to late comers. During the night these spaces sold for a dollar or two but in the morning they were netting anywhere from five to ten dollars with plenty of buyers.

Box Seats for Sale.

One fan bargaining for a position injected a little irony into the incident. The seller was demanding $8 for his place. "I'll give you a nickel for it now," replied the prospective purchaser, as he noticed that the gates were closed.

The police and firemen detailed to handle the crowd had difficulty in dispersing it. The fans were reluctant to leave but saw a more humorous side of the situation when one cop remarked: "Either beat it or do a 'One-Eye' Connolly."

Conditions at the standing space gate were virtually the same. These fans, however, had a longer wait in store as the booths did not open until 1:45, fifteen minutes before game time. Those who were disappointed in the try for bleacher tickets promptly joined this line, but fared no better as the ticket supply was exhausted with a three-block line still waiting.

Corporal punishment would have been in order had the fans known that even up to the start of game time two box seat tickets were unsold. But this was a fact. The park management absolutely got stuck on these two tickets, despite the clamor for seats and no one appears able to account for the situation.

JOHNSON DESERVED TO WIN, HARRIS SAYS

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

seen these plays, the spectator knows he has witnessed a baseball game.

Double Play is Praised.

The there was a double play that dazzled the fans, the time when Bluege slammed the ball to me at second, a relay to Judge doing away with Wilson and Jackson. Bluege proved his mettle there, and I doubt if the Giants' infield could have worked faster. In fact, we had a perfect day around the bases, the only serious upsets being out in the open spaces. Yet, the outfield covered itself with glory if we recall only the wonderful peg to the plate made by Rice when he cut off a runner at home.

There will be those who wonder why Rice tried to stretch his hit into a double, and got caught, thus preventing us from scoring what seemed to be almost a sure run. I was on third at the time. The ball was fumbled in the outfield, and Sam Rice, a fast runner, thought he could make the grade. That was good baseball.

To explain: The ball had been fumbled. It usually causes an outfielder to hustle in picking up a ball he has booted. The benefits to be derived from a base runner's taking a chance on such fumbles is what made Ty Cobb a great player. Time has proved this, and Rice's speed on the bases compares as closely to that of Cobb's as anyone I can pick in any league. Southworth, who replaced Kelly in centerfield, is the man who made the miraculous throw—I can call it nothing else—that put Sam Rice out of the running. Southworth's peg, after a fumble, took the glory away from Rice. To refresh my self, Rice made that remarkable throw to the plate cutting off Wilson, after Nehf's drive to right.

Close Decision on Last Play.

It was the last play of the game, however, that really put us out of the running. That decided our fate. And if ever there was a close shave, this was it. Really, the play could have been called either way. We were unfortunate that it was not in our favor instead of against us. At the time I was on third, with what looked like the winning run. Goslin sent a slow ball down toward second. Kelly, who had relieved Frisch, gathered it in and shot it to first. Umpire Klem called Goslin out, but it looked to me as if the runner had the benefit of the doubt, and I told the umpire so. My great desire to win the first game of the series probably prompted me to go a little too far with Umpire Klem, but whatever I said was in the fever of the moment. Ball players make mistakes; so do umpires. And for that reason the high commissioner of baseball, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, should give due consideration for what happens in the heat of battle—all of which is generally forgotten by the time the next game starts.

There's not much more to be said. Lady Luck just wasn't sitting on our bench, as will be borne out by a review of the tenth inning. With myself on second and Rice on first, balls that both Goslin and Judge hit down the right field line went foul only by inches. If either of these two wallops had been fair, the game was ours; but, of course, they went foul—so that's that. If only goes to show that, after all, the breaks are very important in the game; but they just weren't with us. So we'll have to make 'em come our way tomorrow.

My hat is off to Walter Johnson. Ordinarily, he should have won. Yet, the hard game he had just about put him in prime condition, so that he should be even better the next time he starts out. Tomorrow, I am going to work Zachary. If Zach shows the stuff he is capable of, we'll put on another great battle. And this time we should come out on top. Far from being discouraged by our first showing in a world's series, I still think we'll win it. At any rate, the Griffmen are here to make the series worth while.

Loss of Game Was Hard, But "Luck" at Bat Did It, Says Mrs. Walter Johnson

Nationals Connected Off Nehf More Often Than Giants Did Off Walter, But They Were Not Box Score Hits, Declares Wife of Pitcher in Her Own Article, Washington Will Win Series, She Predicts.

By MRS. WALTER PERRY JOHNSON,
Wife of the World's Greatest Pitcher.

ARTICLE III.

(Copyright, 1924, by The Washington Post.)

It was a cruelly hard game to lose, but there is consolation in the fact that the victory of the Giants is to be credited to "luck" rather than superior baseball. But this is no alibi. With the exception of one costly error the Washingtonians played perfect ball—in the field. It was at the bat that luck broke against them.

From the first inning to the twelfth the Nationals hit Arthur Nehf more than the Giants hit Walter—I don't mean box-score hits, but "connections" of bat and ball.

Though the game goes as a defeat for my husband, he made a great record in striketouts, fanning twelve men.

To repeat: It was a cruelly hard game to lose and a more cruelly hard game for a pitcher's wife to watch. As I have said before, for eleven years I have been in constant attendance at Walter's games. In all that time I have never seen a more exciting contest than was this struggle. To see the game, apparently lost up until the ninth inning, snatched in the frame from defeat in a rally that promised victory, only to be lost in the twelfth, was very taxing to fans generally and to me in particular.

Nationals Far From Out.

The Washington team may be down for the time being, but it is a long way from being out of the series. The showing it made is heartening to anyone who closely followed the play of the Nationals.

I expected the Nats to win. So did Walter, and so did the other players. That makes it harder, but it also makes them more determined to win the ultimate victory.

Hardest of all is to feel that the box score is disappointing to the host of admirers, present and absent—those ardent and loyal fans who have been so zealous in registering their faith and confidence in the team's ability to win.

And right here I record—nor is this an alibi—that the strain to which Walter and the other Nationals have been subjected in the last few days has necessarily had ill effect.

Showed Real Sportsmanship.

It was heartbreaking to see those two home-run balls—in the second and the fourth innings. They were good hits, but it was the speed of my husband's delivery that, I believe, worked against him in these particular scores.

Naturally, no one enjoys defeat, but it is comforting to realize that the Nats played their losing game with real sportsmanship. Certainly, a pitcher's wife should be as good a "sport" as her husband. So I'll cheer up and note some of the happy incidents of the day.

Though the De Molay loving cup which Walter received before the game for being the most valuable player for 1924 may not tonight be listed as a cup of victory, it is treasured by him as brimming full of admiration, friendship and good will.

Then came the presentation of a Lincoln limousine—a beautiful car given by Washington admirers. Both my husband and I count on riding to the winning game of the world series in it.

Roger Peckinpaugh was also presented with a Peerless by worshiping Cleveland fans.

The stands were just packed with notables. You couldn't have thrown a ball without hitting an ambassador or a senator or a cabinet officer or a famous writer or an actor or a prize fighter or some other distinguished individual. The list of those "covering" the games would include practically every well known sport writer in America and also many other kinds of writers.

Everyone An Ardent Fan.

Of course, fandom was represented by its brightest and most particular stars, among them Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth. Just before the game these two players were presented to President and Mrs. Coolidge, who occupied a box adjoining mine.

Society, too, was generously represented in the assembly.

While it is fair to assume that there were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the pallest citizen—not a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness!

Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE VACUETTE SALES COMPANY, UNDER the management of John P. Noel and Mrs. M. P. Mitchell, closed partnership September 29, 1924, and Mrs. M. P. Mitchell has been appointed sales manager by the Scott & Ferzer Company, of Cleveland, Ohio.

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The Republican Congressional Committee of the Republican State Committee of the District of Columbia is operating a Voters' Information Bureau, under the direction of A. E. Chaffee, on the first floor of the Republican Headquarters, at 1324 New York Avenue N.W., where information is available to all persons entitled to register and vote in the states. This bureau is open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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PRESIDENT, CIGAR AS BAROMETER OF ACTION, IS ROOTER

Responds in Best Bleacher Fashion to Succession of 12-Inning Thrills.

RISES, YELLS WITH CROWD AS PECK TIES UP SCORE

Greets Bucky Harris Before Game; Mrs. Coolidge Keeps Score on Card.

President Coolidge was a baseball fan yesterday afternoon and the excitement which stirred 37,000 other fants to the wildest pitches of emotion brought the President also to his feet time and again applauding vigorously the hectic points in the thrilling 12-inning opening battle of the world series.

Mr. Coolidge, always a baseball follower, lighted his cigar and sat back at the opening of the contest apparently ready to enjoy a leisurely two hours. The cigar went out twice in the early part of the game but when Kelly drove out a homer for the first marker and Judge followed soon after with the Senators' first hit, the stogie burned more steadily.

As "Pep" Young, Kelly, Gowdy and the other Giant veterans began turning back to the bench after a third vain swing of the bat, Mr. Coolidge turned to Mrs. Coolidge, who was keeping a careful account of developments on the score card, to learn just who these victims of the mighty Walter Johnson were.

Rises to Cheer Peck.

When Roger Peckinpaugh lined a solid blow far into left center in the ninth and sent Bluege over the plate with the tying run, Mr. Coolidge was among the first of the hysteric throng on his feet. The cigar had been forgoten. He turned and smiled with Speaker Gillett, of the House, and C. Bascom Slemp, his secretary, and his other guests, as they leaped shouting into the air, waving their hats. Mrs. Coolidge was at his side, waving her score card and applauding.

Among the cushions and hats which sailed onto the field a paper from an upper stand drifted down immediately in front of the presidential box.

The keenness of the extra innings found the President eyeing more closely Mrs. Coolidge's score card and when Johnson got out of a bad hole in the eleventh with a strikeout he was again on his feet with the 37,000 other fans applauding.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the reviewing stand and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Police and Firemen At Game in Force

It seemed the entire personnel of the police and fire departments was at the game. Whether all present were on duty or whether a goodly portion of them paid to get in could not be ascertained, but judging from the number present, some of them must have paid. If it were not for the fact that everybody in Washington knew that the game was between the Nationals and the Giants one might have been deceived into believing, judging from the number of firemen and bluecoats present, that it was the annual tilt between the teams of the police and fire departments.

Undoubtedly some of the uniformed policemen and firemen paid to pass through the turnstiles, but headquarters detectives were passed through the press gate by merely flashing their badges. It is a safe bet that most of the 45 men stationed at headquarters saw at least part of the game.

"It looks like every detective in Washington is here," said a police reporter who knows the sleuths, even in their disguises.

"Not all," said Inspector Clifford L. Grant, chief of detectives. "But there are a good many here," he added, with a twinkle.

Connolly Leaps High For Coolidge Heave

Umpire Tommy Connolly made a nice catch of the Coolidge heave and saved the President an error by leaping high in the air and spearing the horsehide in his "meat" hand. Some one offered Connolly the Washington monument for the baseball apple, but Tommy only smiled and told the fan "not to slam the door when he went out."

'NERVES' AND EXTRA BLEACHER TIER LOST GAME FOR JOHNSON

Responsibility of Living Up to U. S. Fandom's Hopes Too Much for Barney.

CAMPAIGN EXPERIENCE WON, M'GEEHAN SAYS

Fighting Spirit Evident, but "Ifs" Are Relegated to "Should Have" Talk.

By W. O. McGEEHAN,
Baseball Expert of the New York Herald-Tribune.

The opportunity for which Walter Johnson had waited for 18 years, to pitch in an opening game of the world's series, came to him yesterday and found him as nervous as a debutante—too nervous to grasp it and to hold it. The opening game of the clouded world's series of 1924 went to the Giants in twelve reels of baseball melodrama by the score of 4 to 3. It was the sort of game that would have sent chills along the National spine if it had not been for the dark shadows that hang over all baseball.

In a way it was the desire to accommodate more customers or to help fill the world series bag that added the Giants on making their first two runs. These were both home runs, the first being scored by "Long George" Kelly, and the second by "Bill" Terry, the reformed pitcher who was coverted into a first baseman by Mr. Roger Bresnahan, at Toledo. Both of these homers lighted in the temporary bleachers constructed in center for the accommodation of more steerage passengers. Of course, this advantage might have worked both ways but it worked to the advantage of the Giants yesterday.

For a veteran of 18 years' service under the big tent, Mr. Walter Johnson seemed to be a bundle of nerves all through the game. Frequently between innings he would stray into the dugout and begin warming up to try and work it off.

Art Nehf, the rather fragile-looking left-hander, by comparison, seemed entirely self-possessed. He pitched with what seemed to be the careless, easy grace of one who was saying to himself, "Why, this is merely another ball game."

Of course, Johnson did strike out twelve of the Giants. He had much of his old speed, but there were times when he seemed to lose control. Too much here worship had made him feel that there was a much heavier responsibility upon his shoulders than the winning of his first game in a world series.

The Giants were fighting with the steadiness of regular and seasoned troops all through the game. There was no eagerness, no nervousness. They might have been playing any old game in their own Polo Grounds in the lee of Coogan's Bluff, for all the emotion they showed. The program carried one reminder of the scandal. Under the heading of utility men it still recorded "51. O'Connell."

As the game started the wish must have been that Walter Johnson could have borrowed a little of the coolness of the President. Whatever his politics may be, he certainly did not seem to be able to keep cool with Coolidge in the progress of Johnson's opening game. The last time I talked to McGraw he said "the Giants have the advantage."

Poetic Justice Failed Nats.

The popular notion seems to have been that it would have been poetic justice if the Senators to have won. Such a development would have relieved many magnates. It was felt that the defeat of the Giants had been shaken by the scandal which caused the expulsion of two of their members and which the followers of baseball are confident has been only partly uncovered.

Lank Hank Gowdy, the cool old trooper of the Argonne, was a light and happy influence over the Giants. Lank Hank was the best player in the army and is the best soldier in the baseball game.

Lank Hank encountered one annoying accident himself. Walter Johnson whizzed one very close to the mouse-colored beam of Sergeant Hank, the beam that had come unscathed through the world war and which Sergeant Gowdy hopes to keep unscathed for a long period of years to come.

Sergeant Hank ducked. There was a heavy crash. Women shrieked. Mr. Gowdy rose from the dirt rubbing first his shoulder, then his head and then his knee. He looked for first base.

"Come back here, Hank," commanded Umpire Tommy Connolly. "What for?" demanded Hank.

"He hit me, Tommy. Didn't you see him hit me? Didn't you hear it?"

"Where did he hit you?" demanded the unconvinced Mr. Connolly.

"Everywhere," said Mr. Gowdy, who was still rubbing his knee, indicating great mental and physical anguish. "You heard it if you didn't see it."

"I heard something," admitted Mr. Connolly. "But it sounded very much to me like a baseball hitting wood."

"That was it," said Mr. Gowdy, eagerly. "It wasn't wood. It was my head."

But the claim was not allowed. Mr. Gowdy's recovery was immediate.

Nehf, who is about as mild looking off the field as a milk-and and fluffy rabbit, seemed to be a calm and remorseless menace in that pitcher's box. He seemed to be pitching with the gleeful abandon of a small boy pitching rocks into a pond in the springtime. Also in the pinches he never seemed to lose that airy, easy grace of manner. There was no stage fright there.

Although the latest investigation may be a long drawn out one, the world's series promises to be a very short one. Just as the game seems hardly worth while, it produces a melodrama like this one today, which makes even the most cynical feel that it is worth saving.

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STRIKING SCENES AT OPENING GAME OF WORLD SERIES

Photos by Post Staff Photographer.

Upper left—A section of the throng that crowded the Griff stadium for the opener of the world's series. Below—Governor-elect G. L. Davis, of Ohio, on behalf of the Cleveland fans, presented Roger Peckinpaugh with a Peerless phaeton car.

Upper right—View of the centerfield "sun parlor" crowd. This section of the park was the first to fill up. Below—Scene around the President's box as the guard of honor and both teams took their positions. Immediately after the Pershing band played the national anthem, President Coolidge threw out the ball and opened the world series.

Bottom left—Walter Johnson, recipient of limousine from his admiring fans of the Capital City.

Bottom right—Mrs. Walter Johnson (left) and the Washington twirler's mother in the box from which they saw "Barney" open the world series.

DRIVES INTO TEMPORARY STANDS WIN FOR GIANTS

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

The Giants had found Johnson for ten hits, but he had struck out eight of their number and granted only four bases on balls. While Nehf had checked the Washington batters on all but four occasions, issued the same number of passes as his rival and struck out but three men. If there was a picture there, it was the battle of these two veterans, the one knowledgedly the greatest that the game knows today, the other but a step behind him.

The outlines did not please the Washington team. In the moments when the spectators usually begin to file out, but yesterday did not because of the importance of the occasion, Bluege and Peckinpaugh, whose offensive possibilities received but passing notice in the forecasts, with bold and decisive strokes wiped out the image of impending defeat and substituted new life and hope. Instead of "Giants win; game's over," the wires carried the news to the expectant nation that the battle had only begun.

From then it was gallantly fought for three more innings, and so stubbornly contested that only the veriest fraction of an inch marked the difference between a hit and the final put-out, when Goslin and the ball raced for first base in the last half of the twelfth inning. Had fortune favored the Washington team at that moment, the struggle might have run on and on to the comparative rarity of a world's series tie.

The strategy of the two leaders was well marked and sharply defined. McGraw sent his men to hit the ball out as the game opened. He drove back the outer defense with those heart-breaking homers that could only be watched as they sailed on into the stands. Towards the close of the game he took advantage of the gap between the infield and the outfield that he had thus created, and two short thrust dropped out of reach in the Texas League hole for hits.

Harris stuck to his style of the season, striving by every means at his command to drive a runner around a little at a time once he had got on base. In addition, the Nationals found a slight soft spot in the Giant defensive around third base and short stop but not weak enough to serve their purpose. The other weakness that Washington exposed was in the work of the New York team on the bases. Frisch was caught off second and Young off third, when an attempt was made to take liberties with Muddy Ruel.

The game crowned but one here, other than Kelly and Terry, and that was Nehf, for the veteran southpaw added to his extreme effectiveness in the box with 3 hits for a batting average of .600. On the whole, every man delivered. Three plays stand out. Frisch's leaping catch of Johnson's liner in the seventh inning that would have brought in at least one run had it not been arrested in flight, Kelly's perfect play of a slow grounder to end the game, and Sam Rice's throw home in the ninth to catch Wilson and cut off a Giant run.

In a game with a climax such as yesterday's it is well to reverse the order of the telling. The twelfth inning was one that mattered. The score was 2 all. Johnson had Gowdy as his initial opponent and he walked the veteran catcher as he had done before. Nehf, a pitcher of unusual type who also hits, put a Texas leaguer into short center. McNeely stumbled in his anxiety to recover the ball, and when he did it and throw, the ball went wide of the mark, an error, and Gowdy got to third.

McGraw began to exercise what has come to be known as strategy. Bentley batted for Lindstrom and walked. Southworth ran for Bentley. The bases full. Harris cut down Gowdy at the plate when Frisch drove one through the box. The bases still full. Young singled to center, scoring Nehf, and Kelly lifted a fly to Goslin, which gave Southworth time to get in. The rally ended after another single, but no more runs.

Harris matched "master minds" when Washington came to bat. Shirley, who a year ago was playing college ball, was sent to bat for Johnson. His high pop fly eluded Jackson for an error, and enabled Shirley to reach second. McNeely flied to center. Harris singled to the same field and brought Shirley in. Rice singled to center. Harris raced to third, but Sam tried to snatch a double and was out at second. Goslin, with but one hit to his credit for the day, grounded to Kelly and the race was run.

The remainder of the Giant scoring has been told in the two home runs. Kelly's came in the second inning, Terry's in the fourth. They might easily have been twins. They seemed to fall only inches apart. Washington's scoring was much longer delayed. Bluege's single inning Nehf did not yield a hit. It was in the sixth that the first credit came to the home team. McNeely opened the inning with a beautiful double down the left field line. Harris drove him to third with one sacrifice and Rice got him home with another. Goslin singled, but was out stealing.

A thrill almost as great as that in the twelfth inning was provided in the ninth. Judge, up first, struck out. Bluege singled to left, and Peckinpaugh doubled in the same direction on a hit and run, a factor that enabled the Washington third baseman to get home with ease. Ruel and Johnson were easy outs.

COOLIDGE, AND NAT CHAOS, AT GAME, SAYS HARVEY

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

What a captivating revelation he could have made of the mind behind that Mona Lisa smile! Imagine, for example, Recitation of Three Old Cat on Plymouth common; hope that the United States, Nationals, as our colleague, Mr. Baxter, calls them, would not be misled by overconfidence but keep cool with him; trust in skill rather than in luck; no concern about attributed myths unless or until, as sometimes happens, they explode; appreciation of the courtesy of Senators on the diamond as contrasted with the attitude of others holding like titles in another place; consideration of the friendliness evinced by the visitors from New York; accurate valuation of team play in politics as in baseball; and, finally, politics most keenly of all to a very human nature, sheer enjoyment of a thrilling vox populi of shouting joyously upon the drums of his ears.

Oh, surely, the President had a good time, and deserved one. Incidentally, moreover, he gained special renown by being the first Chief Magistrate to throw a ball to the Chief Justice of a World Series—but that really was fortuitous; anybody could have tossed it quite as truly.

Impressions of Game.

The game itself was glorious. Barring one or two minor exploits in fielding and coaching, attributable to incomprehensible idiosyncrasies, it was the last symphony in the greatest and—we insist—the cleanest of popular sports. We are half-minded to write a complete, detailed account of the game; but, happily for the reader, only half.

A few impressions we may record: these, for example:

The two teams are as unlike as could be imagined. The Nationals are young, lithe, quick, skillful, and far away the most attractive professionals ever seen.

The Manhattans are stocky, solid, determined, and as ruthless, in a wholly legitimate way, as a Wall street bloc, portrayed by Senator Brookhart.

This means that at the bat the visitors have precisely the advantage in weight and build which enables one golfer to reach a green while another, equally true and skilful, fails to reach the pin.

Giants' Steadiness Counted.

This difference clearly accounts for yesterday's results. Four balls, struck cleanly and squarely, started for the same spot in the left field. The two hit by the Manhattans reached the bleachers and produced home runs. The two put forth by our lads fell short by a few yards and yielded no results.

Reversal of the carrying power of those whacks would have given the game to Washington, without an extra inning.

All we have to say at the moment is that a more difficult game to beat than that put up by the Giants is hardly conceivable and that a more gallant effort than that made by our boys—God bless 'em!—cannot be imagined.

Stands Should Be Set Back.

We should be happy to set down many interesting details but for the lateness of the hour and feeling of assurance that Mr. Baxter and his galaxy will cover the diamond from the net in the rear to the bleacher, which, we here formally declare, ought to be set back.

The weather man was fine. Actual results, if any there were, do not interest us. All we can remember is that they were all square at the end of nine holes, played a few more and quit. They had played enough for one day, anyhow.

Operations will be resumed after Sunday school today.

Cameramen "Shoot" Everything.

The crowd followed the happenings before the game by the movements of the battery of cameramen who flocked hither and yon "shooting" everything within sight. The parting "shot" was taken at President Coolidge, throwing out the first ball.

Throngs Silently Greet Giants.

The appearance of the Giants on the field shortly after 1 o'clock was greeted with almost absolute silence. Everybody was sitting tight waiting for someone else to start something.

EXTRA SEATS LOST GAME TO GRIFFMEN, MAJ. BELL ASSERTS

Giants Benefit From Shortened Field in Front of Bleachers, He Says.

Erection by the Washington baseball club authorities of several rows of extra seats in front of the concrete bleachers lost Washington and Walter Johnson the first game of its first world series, Maj. J. Franklin Bell, engineer commissioner, told the Washington Post after the game yesterday.

"The erection of a short left field fence lost the game and may cause further trouble," he declared in an exclusive interview. "I believe the New York team makes more long hits than the Washington team and this short fence will be advantageous to them."

Although he criticized the shortened playing field, Maj. Bell had only praise for the Washington team and its opponents.

"No more interesting game was ever played," he said. "The teams were evenly matched in every department of play and the team that got the breaks won."

No Criticism of Players.

He had no criticism of Washington players for errors of commission or omission, he declared. "Anybody can boost when we are winning and any man on the field who fails in a play, even though that failure might not be glaringly evident to the stands, feels worse than any spectator can feel about it.

"I do not want to comment on this phase.

"It is difficult sometimes to estimate accurately from the stands the chances of success on plays which are attempted or might have been attempted. Usually the men on the field can estimate their chance a bit better than a person in the stand. I know from experience of a thrilling game."

Maj. Bell played on his class team at West Point Military academy and was manager of the baseball team of the academy one year. Under his management baseball became one of the major sports of the military academy. He completely changed the schedules formerly followed and arranged games with the teams of the large universities of the country, team winning most of its games, although it lost its annual game with the Naval academy.

Much Color in Crowd.

"The weather for the game was perfect and the crowd was a happy mingling of business, social and official life. Much of the color so characteristic of army and navy games was present. The crowd was orderly and well handled by the authorities.

"It is deeply to be regretted that the capacity of the stands is so small, and that the means of egress from the grounds are poor. The management would do well to invest some of the profits from the world's series in providing more commodious and better arranged exits.

"Better street approaches to the park should be provided. District authorities have been seeking legislation to provide such improvements for several years. It is to be hoped that Congress will provide for these at the next session.

"The participation of the Army band and the marines in the ceremonies was highly appreciated.

"It was an excellent game but the most impressive thing to me was Johnson's strikeout record and Ruel's clever work in catching two New York runners off bases."

OFFICIAL, BUSINESS, SOCIAL WASHINGTON ATTEND FIRST GAME

National Pastime Never Before Honored With Such a Gathering, Is Belief.

BOX PARTIES GIVEN BY PROMINENT MEN

Members of Congress, District Judiciary and Army and Navy Officers There.

High officials of the nation headed by President Coolidge and members of Congress, and leading men of the city's social and business life were represented in the throng of fans that yesterday witnessed the first world's series game. Never before, it is believed, has the great national pastime witnessed such a galaxy of those who have the destinies of the government in hand. It was, in fact, probably the most representative crowd that ever met for any kind of an event. There were high officers of the army and navy present, as well as members of the judiciary.

The President and Mrs. Coolidge had with them in their box, the speaker of the House of Representatives and Mrs. Frederick Gillett, and Bascom Slemp.

The Secretary of War and Mrs. Weeks occupied another box, while Secretary of the Treasury Mellon occupied a front row seat in the upper tier of the grand stand. Secretary of Commerce Hoover had a box.

The Postmaster General and Mrs. New, the Minister from Switzerland, Marc Peter; Brig. Gen. Charles L. McCawley, Col. George Harvey, and Francis P. Homer, of Baltimore, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. McLean. Mrs. James J. Davis, wife of the Secretary of Labor, was present with a group of friends.

The District judiciary was represented by almost its full quota. Among those noted were Chief Justice McCoy, Justice Siddons, Justice Hoehling, Judge McMahon, Judge Schmidt, and Judge Mattingly.

Members of Congress and their families were present in force. Scattered throughout the stands were Senator and Mrs. Copeland, of New York; Senator Ball, of Delaware; Representative Bell, of Georgia; Senator Weller, of Maryland; Senator Elkins, of West Virginia; Senator McKinley, of Illinois; Senator Simmons, of North Carolina; Senator Caraway, of Arkansas; Senator Neely, of West Virginia; Senator Glass, of Virginia; Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts; Senator Edge, of New Jersey; Senator Smoot, of Utah; Senator Shields, of Tennessee, and Representatives Williams and Garrett, of Texas, and Former Representative Rodenberg, of Illinois.

The District Attorney and Mrs. Feyton Gordon were noted, as were also Gen. Smith, of Maryland, the Assistant Postmaster General and Mrs. John H. Bartlett, Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Edward Mann, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Van Orsdel, Gen. and Mrs. M. W. Ireland, former Commissioner and Mrs. Tillman Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. William Deutsch, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Cary T. Grayson, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. William A. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Connolly, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Henri de Sibour, Mr. and Mrs. Randall Hagner, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Church, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bones, the Undersecretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Winston; Mrs. Gladys Wright Church.

Thomas Watt Gregory, former Attorney General; Edward B. Lee, president of the Washington Railroad and Electric Company; Frank J. Hogan, former associate of Hamilton, president of the Capital Traction Company; Herbert Shandor, of the Shandor Construction Co., former chief clerk of the House; Joseph Murphy, assistant chief of the secret service; Mrs. Woodward, of Woodward & Lothrop; Corcoran Thom, W. P. Jackson, commissioner Lewis, of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Frank Sullivan, assistant to the Attorney General; Col. E. Lester Jones, of the coast and geodetic survey, and William P. Richards, District assessor.

J. Maynard Dixon, Robert N. Harper, Harry Crandall, Guy Mason, Ralph Lee, L. Burt Nye, Eugene Thompson, Mrs. Lemuel Shepherd, commandant of the marine corps; E. Brooke Lee, Rudolph Jose, O. J. Dr. Charles S. White, Thomas and Harry Wardman, builder; Isaac Gans, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Edward F. Colladay, president of the Board of Trade; R. P. Andrews, president of the Real Estate and Manufacturers association; H. B. and R. C. Leary, automobile dealers; Charles M. Stieff, piano manufacturer; Mrs. A. Cochran, D. J. Callahan, president of the Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Company; William T. Galliher, Simon Kann, president of the Kann Co.; Mrs. Frank Hubbard, E. C. Graham, Le Roy Mark, Francis H. Stephens, corporation counsel; Ringgold Hart, assistant corporation counsel; G. Bryan Pitts, Fire Chief George S. Watson, C. Mahlon Kline, Mrs. Commander R. Goldbart, Myer Cohen, Arthur May, John B. Cochran, E. H. Newmyer, Jr., John L. Newbold, Brig. Gen. Clarence F. Norment, Dr. A. F. Woods and Edgar C. Snyder, United States marshal.

The Chilean Ambassador and Senora Concha and several friends formed a box party.

"Al" Schacht Leads Band.

"Al" Schacht entertained the fans before the game in the role of leader of the band. The fans took a lot of the usual pre-game antics of Schacht and his partner, "Nick" Altrock, but outside of a few informal stunts the twins were exceedingly quiet.